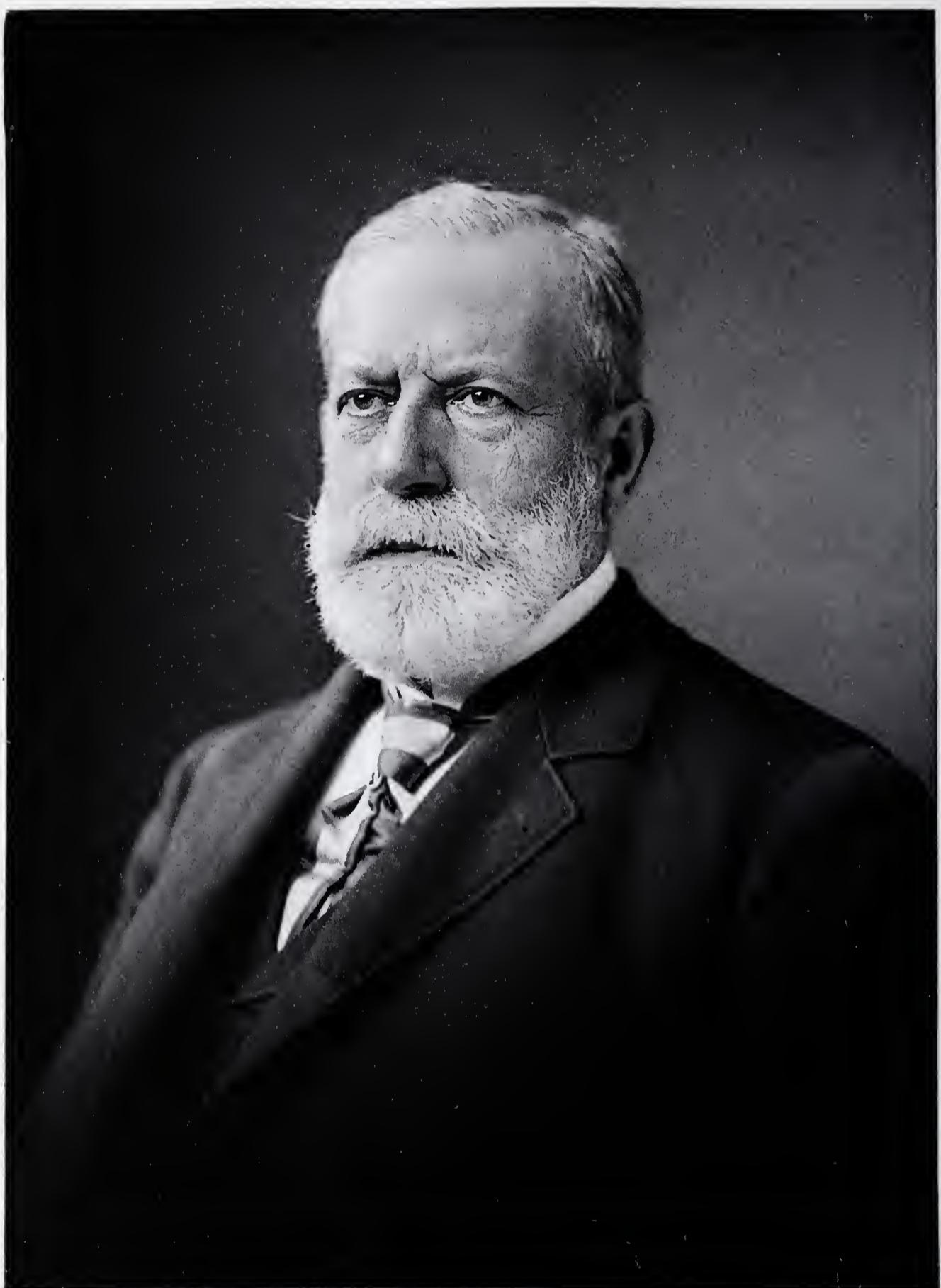


In Memoriam  
Conrad B. Day



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F. Gutekunst, Phila.

*Conrad S. Day*

R. W. GRAND MASTER  
1883-1884

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HARMONY LODGE, No. 52

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS

PENNSYLVANIA

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## In Memoriam

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RIGHT WORSHIPFUL PAST GRAND MASTER  
AND PAST MASTER BROTHER

CONRAD B. DAY

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1904



# HARMONY LODGE, NO. 52,

F. & A. M. OF PENNSYLVANIA.

**STATED MEETING HELD IN IONIC HALL, MASONIC TEMPLE,  
PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2ND, A. D. 1904,  
A. L. 5904.**

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After the regular business of the Lodge had been disposed of, the Worshipful Master, Brother Frank S. Law, announced to the Lodge that it had been deemed eminently fitting that some tribute should be paid to the memory of Past Master and Right Worshipful Past Grand Master, Brother Conrad B. Day, who had endeared himself to the members of this Lodge, and the Masonic Fraternity in general, and that in accordance therewith, a memorial service would be held at this time.

Past Master Brother Azariah W. Hoopes will read the Eulogy, which he prepared by direction of the Right Worshipful Grand Master, and delivered at the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge, held March 2nd, 1904.

**Past Master Brother AZARIAH W. HOOPES addressed the Lodge as follows :**

It has been customary from time immemorial when a distinguished Brother in Freemasonry passes away, for one or more of his associates to prepare a brief record of his life, that the Brethren of the several bodies to which he was attached might all gather some points of interest concerning his private as well as his Masonic career and his relation to the world at large.

No member of our Fraternity in recent years presents a more striking example of a well spent and complete manly life than our late Past Grand Master, Brother Conrad B. Day.

“No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress.”

The history of Brother Day’s ancestry is lost in the annals of the earlier emigration of English people who sought homes in the new world, although his grandfather was born in this country.

Brother Day was born July 3d, 1832, in the old District of Kensington of this city.

His father, William Day, was born near Haddonfield, New Jersey, and his mother, Mary M. Baker, in Kensington, where she lived for eighty-eight years

near where she was born. His father was a Free Mason and a member of Harmony Lodge.

Brother Day's early education was received in the Public Schools of the neighborhood where he resided, going from the Palmer Street Grammar School to the Central High School in July, 1845, from which he graduated in July, 1847, taking the two years' course usual at that time. This he felt qualified him for business life, which had, no doubt, been in his mind during his school days, and on his finishing his course at school his energies were directed to securing employment, and in December, 1847, he obtained a position with the house of William P. Wilstach (so well remembered in Philadelphia), No. 28½, now 38, North Third Street, to learn the saddlery hardware business. On January 1st, 1861, he became a member of the firm, which was changed to William P. Wilstach & Co. Mr. Wilstach retired from business January 1st, 1867, when the firm became Scott & Day, and on January 1st, 1877, Conrad B. Day became sole proprietor, under the firm name of Conrad B. Day & Co., which business was continued until December, 1889, when a disastrous fire brought it to a close.

Early in 1890 he was elected President of the Commonwealth National Bank, which in 1891 consolidated its business with the Seventh National Bank, and

Brother Day became President of the latter, continuing as such until the bank retired from business in 1898.

He was elected President of the Philadelphia Casualty Company in January, 1900, which position he held at the time of his death. He has been a Director of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company since 1890 and a Director of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women since 1894.

He was appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania an Inspector of the Eastern State Penitentiary in 1893 and has been continuously reappointed since that time. Brother Day possessed in a large degree the quality of leadership, and was prominent in commercial and financial circles in Philadelphia throughout his business life.

If there was one striking feature in the well rounded character of Brother Day it was his unbounded love for Free Masonry. Nothing but necessity ever kept him away from the meetings of the various bodies to which he was attached, and until the encroachment of disease overtook him he was usually at the closing as well as the openings of the meetings. He received Masonic light by initiation in Harmony Lodge, No. 52, F. & A. M., of Philadelphia, on May 20th, 1854. He was crafted June 17th, 1854, and was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Washington Hall,

Third above Spruce Street, Philadelphia, at that time the Masonic Hall, the Grand Lodge having erected and dedicated the new Masonic Hall on Chestnut Street in 1855. Harmony Lodge was one of the first Lodges to move to that building, and at the first election held there Brother Day was elected Junior Warden, in December, 1855, serving in 1856, when he was elected Senior Warden in December of that year, serving in 1857. In December, 1857, he was elected Worshipful Master, serving during the year 1858. In December, 1860, he was elected Treasurer of the Lodge and re-elected annually for twenty years, until December, 1881, when he declined a re-election.

In the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania he was appointed an Almoner of the Grand Lodge Charity Fund on December 27th, 1862, serving for five years, when he was appointed on Committee on Appeals of Grand Lodge, serving on the same until December 27th, 1871, when he was appointed on the Committee on Finance, being reappointed and serving until December 27th, 1877.

He was elected Junior Grand Warden December, 1877, serving in 1878, being elected Senior Grand Warden in December of that year and re-elected in 1879, serving in 1879 and 1880; was elected Deputy Grand Master December, 1880, re-elected in 1881, serving

during 1881 and 1882. On December 6th, 1882, he was elected Right Worshipful Grand Master and re-elected in 1883, serving in 1883 and 1884.

Since his retirement from the Chair as Grand Master he has served Grand Lodge as a member of the Committee on Landmarks, continuing to serve until his death. He was one of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of Grand Lodge from 1889 to 1892, and until his death was Chairman of the Committee on Finance, having been appointed thereon in 1892.

He was the representative of the Grand Lodge of Ohio near this Grand Lodge for many years, until Pennsylvania abandoned this system of representation.

He became a Masonic Veteran of Pennsylvania on July 19th, 1881, and was elected an honorary member thereof December 30th, 1899.

He received the honorary degree of a Mark Master Mason in Girard Mark Lodge, No. 214, on March 13th, 1855, in the old Masonic Hall on Third Street just previous to the removal to the new hall on Chestnut Street.

He was received and accepted as a Most Excellent Master Mason and exalted to the supreme degree of a Royal Arch Mason in Columbia Holy Royal Arch Chapter, No. 91, Philadelphia, in Chestnut Street Hall, April 21st, 1858, when he became a member of the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania by virtue of being a

member of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and a Royal Arch Mason.

He was elected and served as Scribe in 1865, as King in 1866, and as Most Excellent High Priest in 1867, when he received the order of High Priesthood.

He was elected a Trustee of the Chapter and served for the past thirty years, being the representative of his Chapter in the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania since the system was adopted.

He was a member of Committee on Finance for many years, being its Chairman from 1865 to 1881, inclusive; was a member of Committee on Correspondence 1887 to 1891, was Chairman of Committee on Charity from 1892 until his decease, and was representative of the Grand Chapter of Virginia since 1891.

He was knighted in St. John's Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar, of Philadelphia by being constituted and created a Knight of the Red Cross and dubbed and created a Knight Templar and instructed in the secrets of Malta May 26th, 1865, being for many years one of the Trustees of the Commandery.

On October 1st, 1890, Harmony Lodge, No. 52, at a special meeting presented to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and unveiled a life size oil painting of Past Grand Master Day, he being the oldest living Past Master of the Lodge. The portrait was presented

with much ceremony and was ordered to be placed in Ionic Hall, and there it is at this time. It was a fitting tribute, deserved by long and earnest Masonic labor and commendatory of Brother Day's zeal for the Fraternity he so much loved.

Brother Day was an honorable, upright man, and leaves behind him the record of a good name that may be scanned by the brightest sunlight and of which his Brethren in Masonry may feel proud. His last will indicates a charitable mind.

“Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.  
So when a good man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The Light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.”

In religion Brother Day was a Presbyterian, having been a member of Temple Church for nearly forty years, and it would require no serious stretch of the imagination to conclude that had he lived in earlier days he might have been a leader in the Covenanter movement, or an active disciple of John Calvin or John Knox.

Brother Day was twice married, and leaves a widow and three sons, two of whom have sought

Masonic light in the Lodge of their father and grandfather, the elder having by election been honored in due course as Master of the Lodge.

As a business man Brother Day was precise and accurate, as the history of one Trust, which he managed will fully confirm, coming into his custody and amounting to about one and one-half millions of dollars, and in twenty years reaching the large sum of five and one-half millions, and I may add that all such matters were conducted with equal fidelity, even carrying his methodical ways into the management of his own private affairs.

The voyage of life of our Past Grand Master was navigated with a compass that was true to the pole of his ambition and certain to direct him aright, which may inspire in us the firm conviction that he has at last entered the harbor of safety, the haven of eternal rest.

**"Lead Kindly Light" . . . . . The Temple Quartette**

**Past Master Brother GEORGE S. GRAHAM, addressed the Lodge as follows:**

Worshipful Master and Brethren: I come tonight to add my tribute to what has been said and may be said in honor of one of the distinguished members of our Lodge, at some personal sacrifice, traveling a long distance in order that I might be here, and suffer-

ing with some degree of physical disability. Yet, moved by a profound affection and special regard for Conrad B. Day, nothing scarcely could have prevented me from being present in old Harmony Lodge when the Brethren were convened for the purpose of recalling to each other the man who has passed away.

My own thoughts go back to the early days of my own life, and in doing so I am carried back to the old district of this City, known as Kensington, where I played as a boy and went to the public schools of the City. Raised in that section, my knowledge of the men who came from it and developed and made for themselves a high place in the citizenship of Philadelphia, is therefore the more intimate and complete. It was from this old district of Philadelphia that our Brother came; and, as some one has said, there must be something in the air or in the strain of those who peopled that old district, for it certainly has turned out many useful, faithful, successful men of affairs who have graced almost every department and walk of life in our community. It was from this source that our Brother came. He was not one born with a silver spoon in his mouth; he was not one surrounded by all the help and aids that fortune might bring, but he was one born with a sound constitution, inheriting tendencies and abilities that were to make for him that which others can not

acquire themselves, but only get by inheritance. Sturdily he set about his life's work. Earnestly he undertook to carry the burden of its duties. Beginning in a very humble way, he was thoroughly and in every sense a self-made man.

You are all familiar with the story of his business career, how in the store where he entered as a boy, fresh from the High School of the city, he took up the humblest tasks and duties and he became its head and its owner, and Scott & Day succeeded to the old title of W. P. Wilstach & Co., and was afterwards changed to Conrad B. Day & Co., and this sign stood for many years over that same successful business. Step by step up the ladder, with vigor, strength, and power he trod, winning for himself no mean place in the business life of this great City of ours. Not only in business life, but in other pursuits were his abilities and powers manifested.

Time would not permit me to-night to enumerate all the things that are worthy of being named, but let me advert to one particular quality that seems to me to stand out pre-eminently as one looks upon the picture of the life of this man. He was able as a business man, but he was particularly gifted as a financier. A man of sound judgment, a man of rare conservatism, and a man of the strictest honesty. He was of the kind

of men who are called to places of trust and of honor. In banking circles, in corporate life, you know how he has stood in the front, working faithfully and justly as he did in Masonic circles in managing the finances and aiding in controlling and creating the funds that help to make our Grand Lodge strong and prosperous.

One thing may be said, that, like a mantle would cover all of his achievements,—whatever he undertook to do was done thoroughly and well. Some one entered the room of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, observed the condition of his work, and leaving, called again after the lapse of a little time and said to the great sculptor and artist, "Why, you have accomplished nothing since I was here before." "O, yes, my friend," he replied, "I have smoothed out a wrinkle here, and I have developed the presence of a muscle there, and I have smoothed and polished the surface at this point." "O, well, but those are only trifles and insignificant things." "No, no, my friend. They are trifles, it is true, separately, each one in itself, but together they make perfection and perfection is no trifle." Application to detail; strict observance of duty in the smaller things; a thoroughness that pervaded his work, whether in his Masonic Lodge, in his store or in the office of the corporation over which he presided made up largely the secret of his great success.

He was a man among men. One had only to look, as I do here upon his effigy on yonder wall, and I ask you to look with me and say was he not in form and figure one of nature's manly men? A face with frankness written upon it, and a sturdiness of figure that was indicative of the sturdy character of the man. Is it a wonder that he made a success? No, for Nature rarely makes misfits. As some one has said after the invention of steam when looking upon a ship riding against wind and against the waves,—See, she rides against the wind, she turns against the tide, and steadies ever upon an even keel. The secret of the ship's steady progress was the fact that there was a power within that moved and animated her and gave the ship the steady keel. There was within Conrad B. Day the secret of power; a spirit of manliness; a spirit of courage that made him ever move like the ship upon an even keel.

You spoke to-night, Sir, of the stars shining down through the years and their lustre undimmed. There are two kinds of immortality that wait on us as they waited upon Conrad B. Day; one is immortality here; the other is immortality yonder. One is the life, the acts and the history of the man surviving among his fellows, an influence and power everywhere felt either for good or for ill. And the other

is the immortality into which the soul stretches out when the little span of life's existence is measured. Our Brother has penetrated that veil; he has met and knows the Great Architect of the universe. He has achieved that immortality, and we, Brethren, to-night, gathered together through affectionate, kindly remembrance of him, realize that Conrad B. Day also achieved that other kind of immortality, and that his life, his acts, his history will remain for many, many days an inspiration perhaps to young men starting life's hard struggle, to persevere, to be true, to be honest, and telling them that they too may achieve,—yes, following his example they must achieve success even as our Brother did. To be manly; to be upright; to be frank; to be open; to be earnest and industrious; to possess the spirit of courage and determination,—or shall I call it decision; it was these things that made this Brother stand such an evenly poised man among his fellows. The inspiration of a good life is like the fragrance of flowers scattered upon the air.

**“Some Day We'll Understand” . . . . . The Temple Quartette**

**Past Master Brother ROBERT W. FAGAN, addressed the Lodge as follows:**

Worshipful Master and Brethren: What a beautiful eulogy we have just heard from Brother Graham!

I esteem it a blessed privilege to be allowed to

address the Lodge on this occasion, and I must crave the indulgence of the Brethren for the short time I will use in speaking of one whom I revered as a father. The poet has said our lives are as

“Ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing,

“Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

“So, on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,

“Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.”

But these lines refer to the passing throng and not to those who have grasped the hand of brotherly love and affection, and whose lives are precious jewels in our memory.

I first saw Brother Day going in and out at the services of the old Presbyterian Church in Kensington ; but it was not until I had passed the portals of Free-masonry that I began to know him. The encouragement and assistance he gave me as a member, enabled me to fill the measure of my ambition in becoming the Master of this Lodge. But I was not selected for any particular attention ; he was cordial and kind to all the members, young and old. He was a strong, masterful man, with a knack of striking the kernel of every question with a sledge-like blow. He was clear in thought, prompt in action, wise in counsel, courteous

to his associates; fidelity was the polar star of his conduct. He was ever ready to assert himself on every question, with words of hard common sense that rarely failed to convince his hearers he was right.

In every sense of the word he was a Master in Masonry. By self-denial, energy, fidelity and integrity, he rose from an humble errand boy to be a leading merchant in this city.

I was very much impressed with the remarks of Past Grand Master Kelly when he said "Brother Day was born in the district of Kensington, a location noted for its ruggedness and general old-fashioned honesty. It has certainly produced a number of men who have distinguished themselves in the affairs of our city chiefly by their own efforts. Looking back over the field of those who have come to prominence in our midst whose advent into the world was made in that section, it would almost impress you that there was something either in the air of that district or its situation that gave them a determination to succeed and an integrity to maintain their positions straight through." But, Brethren, it is not the air nor the situation, but the home influences that make Kensington boys successful in life. After the Christian teaching Brother Day received at home, is it any wonder that his character was so well formed or that his success was so

assured? As our Grand Master of old offered his devotion to Almighty God prior to planning the day's labor, so did the Christian mother of this good man, take her children every morning and pray that God might care for them in the toils and troubles of their daily work. Those prayers were answered, and she lived to see her beloved son raised above his fellows and crowned with success in all his undertakings.

Busied as we all are, with the thoughts and cares of daily life, should we not pause, and, thinking of the strong man who has been removed from our midst, glance down the pathway he has been called upon to tread, and so order our living that we may not fear to follow in his footsteps,—that we may be faithful until death and in the end receive the crown of life.

“ Brothers, now assembled, hear  
The warning; meet it without fear.  
If your duty you have done,  
The Master’s station fairly won;  
Enter through the open portal  
Seated in the Lodge immortal,  
From care and sorrow ever free,  
Rest through all eternity.”

“Remember Now Thy Creator” . . . . . **The Temple Quartette**

**Past Master Brother LOUIS WAGNER, addressed the Lodge as follows :**

Worshipful Master and Brethren: Our Lodge for nearly two years past has been participating in the pleasant opportunities of doing honor to the Brethren who were for so many years,—fifty of them,—in continual and active membership with us. Brothers Leidy, Shelmerdine and Hoopes, and Sweatman next month; all of them made Masons in Harmony Lodge; all of them actively interested in its affairs; all of them a pride and a satisfaction to us; all of them men who made and who continue to make their impression upon its affairs, and we have felicitated ourselves that their lives have been prolonged through all these years and that we have had given to us the satisfaction of associating with them.

We expected to have a similar opportunity in the case of Brother Day. Fifty years ago at this May meeting he saw Masonic light within the precincts of this Lodge; Brother Hoopes last month and Brother Sweatman next month, and Brother Day this month. I know that one of the pleasant anticipations of his life was the thought that upon this occasion we would gather at this meeting and unite with him and the Brethren and the others whom I have named with him, and with each other endeavor to picture to ourselves

the condition of the affairs of Lodge Number Fifty-two when these Brethren were made Masons and its condition to-day, and looking far into the future when others would succeed us in the natural course of human life.

Unexpectedly, like a clap of thunder and stroke of lightning out of a clear sky, a man sturdy in physique; a man apparently in the best of health, was taken away from our life and instead of feasting, we have mourning; instead of congratulatory addresses, we have these orations and eulogies of a life well spent; of services rendered to the Brethren associated in this Lodge during all these years. Instead of feasting we have the sad reflection that another of our Brethren has passed, that the most prominent of them has left this life and entered into the great beyond. Men die, scores of them die, thousands of them every day, and fortunately they and that which they have done here are forgotten. Other men live; they die, but their work continues throughout all time and the world is better because these men have lived and we are better when we look back on their course of life and follow them and their deeds and actions and their thoughts to their legitimate conclusions in the good of the work in which we are associated.

Longfellow, in his Psalm of Life, among other things says:

“ Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Footprints, yes, Brother Day has left, but not in the *sands* of time, thank God. We are convinced that no waves can obliterate and wash out all that has been said and done by him; not footprints disappearing in the sand of time and of eternity, but footprints upon the rock and in the rock to remain for all time as an example to us who are yet living and to whom the affairs of this Lodge are entrusted. Not footprints on the sands of time, but on the rock of ages, enduring as a pattern, enduring as an example, urging us and those who follow us, to imitate the great and glorious example of him who has passed on before.

While this gathering is one of sadness, while we mourn, while the heart is heavy, while tears fill the eyes, we thank God that this man and other men have lived and that the man whose memory we honor to-night and of whom we are able to speak truthfully and hear all these pleasant and profitable things, we thank God that these men have lived and we learn that we, like them, should endeavor to walk and to act and to

live as they lived, so that when the days of our pilgrimages are ended our Brethren may be able to stand here as we stand at a memorial gathering like this and say, —we knew the man, we knew his work, and honest and true and faithful it was,—plumb, level and square. We know that when his days were ended he passed from a life of labor to one of rest and refreshment.

God grant that as one of the results of the example set us during all these years of the life and the usefulness of Brother Conrad B. Day, we may follow his example and live and walk and act as he did and that we shall have said of us that we were ever faithful and that we shall be ushered into that rest which awaits those who do their duty here and serve God and humanity as he did.

**"Rock of Ages" . . . . . The Temple Quartette**

**Past Master Brother CHARLES F. WIGNALL, addressed the Lodge as follows:**

Worshipful Master: It is only in obedience to your request that I venture to address the Lodge tonight, for the life of our departed Brother has been so fully described by Past Master Hoopes and so eloquently portrayed by Past Master George S. Graham that it seems presumptuous to add anything to what has already been said.

Brethren, as you have been told, to-night was to have been a gala occasion in Harmony Lodge,—the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the initiation into Free Masonry of Past Grand Master Conrad B. Day. But the anticipated joy is changed to grief and mourning and we realize,

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there:

There is no fireside, howso’er defended,

But has one vacant chair.”

and instead of coming to congratulate him in his beloved person, we meet to mourn his death and do honor to his memory.

Brother Day’s paternal ancestors were presumably English, while his mother’s were undeniably Dutch. The intermingling of these sturdy strains gave the two prominent sides to his character.

From the quiet shoemaker of Haddonfield he inherited a genial temperament and cordiality of manner that won him troops of friends, and a simplicity of taste and hatred of display that set him inflexibly against any innovation in the simple work of Free Masonry as handed down from the fathers. The strength of the maternal side was revealed in his capacity for labor, his great endurance without fatigue,

and his tenacious hold of an opinion after he had determined he was right.

Poverty's pinch he never felt, but his humble surroundings early taught him the value of industry and economy,—lessons that influenced his after life. The itch for trade was in his veins, and the boy who rowed across the Delaware to cut willows to sell to fishermen for stringing fish could not fail to develop a remarkable mercantile career. Successful as a merchant, no man worked harder or strove longer to build and maintain a high standard of business morality.

He was emphatically a self-made man ; of intense convictions,—in strength abounding, in common sense unlimited, in fidelity steadfast, in rugged honesty as transparent as the crystal which at every angle reflects the liquid light.

The Masonic Lodge in which he entered in his twenty-second year had a most congenial membership,—Theodore Birely, Isaac Wood, Robert Coleman, Harry Wainwright,—boyhood associates, names yet remembered in Kensington, and borne by men who demonstrated their ability in the larger sphere of the city's life ; and others,—steadfast Brethren, a few of whom still remain with us.

To the interests of the Lodge, in whatever station he served, he gave the same untiring devotion and

faithfulness that made him so successful in business. So able were his services as its Treasurer that, under his fostering care, the invested fund increased from four thousand dollars in eighteen hundred and sixty to over fourteen thousand dollars in eighteen hundred and eighty-one. To the younger members he was an adviser and guide. His encouraging interest in their welfare was the magnet that drew them insensibly toward him, and his sterling qualities of head and heart won for him great support in the measures he advocated.

In the Grand Lodge his whole career was one of work. Serving in succession on the principal committees, he brought to their various labors freshness of thought, breadth of suggestion and sound practical business experience.

The wisdom of his methods while a member of and for many years Chairman of the Finance Committee, is attested by the present flourishing condition of the Treasury of the Grand Lodge. As Grand Master his administration was marked with firmness and vigor. He had no halting opinions, but a decided judgment on all questions brought before him, and his decisions were sound and wise. He resisted all attempt to modernize Free Masonry, and by pruning the work of many added embellishments, restored it to

its former simplicity, and thus aided materially in securing uniformity throughout the jurisdiction.

He had no flowers of speech, no tricks of rhetoric, but his facts were true and telling. He said what he meant and meant all he said. His sincerity was beyond question, and when he retired from that exalted station, it was with the conviction that he had done the full measure of his duty to the Brethren of Pennsylvania.

Whether in Grand Lodge or Grand Chapter, in no station did he fail or falter; in all he brought the highest culture and widest experience in his gift. He was resolute and unswerving, with a fortitude incapable of intimidation or despair. Entirely free from affectation, winning his way by sheer force of ability, yet never failing to appreciate the efforts and assistance given him by his colleagues.

Action was the eloquence of his life. Strength was the foundation on which was grounded and built the whole structure of his life and character.

The community in which he was born was God-fearing, and the religious element in his life was absorbed with the sunshine. From his mother's lips were learned those truths that moulded his character, and the cherished faith of his youth gave him infinite consolation and support when, in after years, death

thrice crossed his threshold and robbed him of loved ones.

Yonder portrait attests the love borne by the Brethren of this Lodge, and is an enduring tribute to the memory of a faithful and efficient officer. In full sight, there it remains to remind us of the duty we owe to an institution to which he gave the best years of his life. That face and form, forever lost to us in the flesh, so lifelike in its portrayal, seems ready to step from the canvas and take its place in our midst.

“O ! good gray head, which all men knew,  
“O ! iron nerve to true occasion true,  
“O ! fallen at length is that tower of strength  
“That stood four square to all the winds that blew.”

On the fourth of last January he was in his usual place in this Lodge; in a few days he was stricken, never to rise. The pale messenger, unheralded, summoned him in the vigor of active usefulness, and on the eleventh of January the gentle Angel pressed down his eyelids, and lo ! he was at rest in the mansions of his Father’s house. The lessons of his life are beyond the reach of death and will remain with us forever.

As the sun sinks below the western horizon to rise upon another land, so sank our Brother’s life to rise immortal on an eternal morning in that brighter sphere above.

**"Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord" . . . . The Temple Quartette**

**Past Master Brother THEODORE B. PALMER, addressed the Lodge as follows: (extemporaneously).**

Worshipful Master and Brethren:

I will endeavor to be as brief as possible, owing to the lateness of the hour and not knowing how many will follow me. In fact my only apology for speaking at this time is that I have the honor of having been introduced into this world from the same locality, among the same environments that our distinguished Past Master enjoyed, and I am not the only one. Harmony Lodge has many who have been born and reared, and some who yet live in that locality.

I was impressed with the rendition by the quartette of the preceding hymn—"Rock of Ages." It came to me in somewhat familiar form as I thought of the poem,—so applicable on this solemn occasion:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me sung above a coffin lid,  
"Underneath all restfully from life's cares and sorrows hid,  
"Nevermore, Oh, storm-tossed soul,  
"Nevermore, from wind and tide,  
"Nevermore from billows roll,  
"Wilt thou need thyself to hide.  
"Could those sightless, sunken eyes closed beneath the soft gray hair,

“Could those mute and stiffened lips move again in evening prayer,

“Still, aye still, the song would be—let me hide myself in Thee.”

I have listened with rapt attention to the exhaustive account of the life and characteristics of our Brother, Past Master Day, which was given by the talented representative of the Lodge, Brother Past Master Hoopes. I have listened to the learned advocate, Brother Past Master Graham, as he recounted his personal experiences with Brother Day, to all of which I say yea and amen. But is there not some grain of comfort that we can derive from what we are wont to regard as a sad calamity. We are all dropping tears over the open grave that contains the mortal remains of one whom we knew but to love; whose every act seemed to fasten itself indelibly in our minds and left its impress upon our hearts. Conrad B. Day dead? Dead, no; Conrad B. Day lives and lives forever. Any man possessing the characteristics so vividly portrayed here to-night, lives forever. Why should he pass from us? That rule of our faith and the guide to our actions, tells us “that we now see, as through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we also are known.” We know not the reason of his sudden passing away. We know not why it was that he should be taken from

us just at the time when we need him the most, but in God's own time, we shall know all.

The death of Conrad B. Day should give us a season of congratulation on the fact that he has successfully encountered the storms of life and weathered the seas of the years to enter upon that greater and more glorious sea of eternity. Conrad B. Day dead? No! Conrad B. Day lives! We know in the experience and the language of a writer of old, that to man is given three score years and ten, and as he lived out the allotted span of life, the thought of death to him had no terrors. A man possessing, as I said, those characteristics, had nothing to fear from the eternity beyond. The thought of convening here no more might have come to him, but it never produced a tremor in the frame of the man.

Indeed, *memento mori* was not unwelcome, for it enabled him, as it will enable us who strive to emulate his example, to exclaim at that closing hour, "Oh, most beautiful death, rapt now we think of thee. Behind thy mask, thy ghastly, horrible mask, we see thy face. Beloved, child of God, perfect love casts out all fear. Reason and Faith, those two eyes of the soul, have pierced the veil and seen what lies beyond. We wait thy guiding hand to lead, in God's good time, from earth to higher spheres of thought and deed. This

fragile form may sink beneath the mold. Let dust melt back into dust, but the quick soul dissevered from the mortal, shall mount its wings, and fly on high with thee. There, our lost youth awaits us. There, renewed, our vanished manhood waits and plumes its wing. There, children, friends, the loved of long ago, shall fly to greet us with wide opened arms. There, those who love us now shall also come, when this first harvest of the Lord is reaped. There we shall walk the hills of glory ; breathe the pure, entrancing air ; shall know no more sorrow, heartache, bitter tears, or blinding pain ; have fuller vision ; work to nobler ends. Ascending thus, from heavenly mount to mount, according to the great design of God.

**"Abide With Me" . . . . . The Temple Quartette**

**The Worshipful Master, Brother FRANK S. LAW,  
addressed the Lodge as follows:**

After hearing the eloquent remarks which have been made by the Brethren this evening I do not think that there is anything that I can add to what has already been spoken, further than to express my personal sorrow and regret for his loss. Brother Day was a zealous and faithful member, and we have lost a valued friend.



MASONIC TEMPLE





